

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,
83,389,828.
Average per Day for Entire Year.
228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the present proprie-
torship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	8,151,157	22,331
1883.....	12,820,228	35,125
1884.....	28,159,785	77,192
1885.....	51,241,207	140,367
1886.....	70,126,041	192,128
1887.....	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:
Over 200,000 Every Sunday During
the Last Two Years.
The average circulation of The
Sunday World during 1882 was
14,727
The average circulation of The
Sunday World during 1883 was
24,054
The average circulation of The
Sunday World during 1884 was
79,985
The average circulation of The
Sunday World during 1885 was
166,636
The average circulation of The
Sunday World during 1886 was
234,724
The average circulation of The
Sunday World during 1887 was
257,267
Amount of White Paper used during the Five
Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	1,422,288	3,923
1883.....	2,160,228	5,919
1884.....	4,660,785	12,744
1885.....	8,701,207	23,839
1886.....	11,726,041	32,373
1887.....	13,889,828	38,024

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE BEST CLUB.
The proposition to hold a convention of
Democratic clubs at Indianapolis, in imi-
tation of the Republican gathering in this city,
can do no harm, if carried out successfully,
and might do good.

Organization is as necessary in a party as
in an army.
But the most effective club for the Demo-
cratic party would be one with which it had
knocked out the monopolies and beaten down
the burdensome war taxes.

EXPERIMENTAL MARRIAGES.
The latest "social sensation" at Washing-
ton combines in about equal degrees the
ridiculousness and the essential immorality
of a great many of the "fashionable mar-
riages."

A silly young heiress eloped some months
ago with a young man bearing the name of
"DE GRASSIE." The bride was locked up by her father on her
return. After a week the young people were
brought together to permit the girl to choose
between her husband and her father. At the
end of an hour's debate, she chose the former
and vowed she "would never leave GRASSIE
again."

Now, after a few weeks' trial of matrimony,
the young wife concludes that she doesn't
like it—at least with "GRASSIE"—and so has
returned to her father's house. "Proceed-
ings for a divorce" are to be instituted, and
as the family is rich the decree will no doubt
be obtained. Then Bessie can try again.
Experimental marriages are denied to the
poor. Are they not becoming too common
as a luxury of the rich?

A MORAL BOYCOTT.
The Young Men's Christian Association of
Pittsburgh acts ill-advisedly in refusing mem-
bership and gymnasium privileges to profes-
sional baseball players.

The training of ball-players is conducive
to many of the virtues which the Association
exists to promote. It requires that the men
be temperate, regular in all their habits, and
subject to discipline.
An attempt by the associations to boycott
baseball players would hurt the organization
more than it would the national game.
A bigoted young man is a sorry sight.

A CLUBBER CONVICTED.
The conviction of Policeman O'Dea, of
Brooklyn, of manslaughter in the second de-
gree—reported in THE EVENING WORLD alone
yesterday afternoon—ought to make the
clubbers more careful with their sticks.

The jury found that SMITH'S death was
caused by the clubbing received at the time
of his arrest, and that this was done "with-
out excuse, cruelty and wantonly." But in
view, probably, of the bad reputation of the
deceased, and of the provocation often re-
ceived by the officers, the verdict was accom-
panied by a strong recommendation to mercy.
Wanton clubbing should be stopped or
fittily punished.

The drawn battle in the Democratic State
Committee simply shows that politics, like
the proverbial white man, is "mighty can-
sarious." The National Committee will prob-
ably find less difficulty in exercising its right-
ful function of filling a vacancy in the mem-
bership.

It is all very well to make the druggists use
distilled water in compounding medicines;
but is the Health Department equally careful
that none but pure drugs and liquors are sold.

JAY HUBBARD comes out of the little politi-
cal blizzard in his Michigan district bearing
a banner with the familiar device: "Got left
again."

If the custodian of the big Post-Office
building doesn't clean the dangerous ice

from the sidewalk in Mall street, why should
not the police go for him? On this island, at
least, New York ought to be as big a man as
Uncle Sam.

The New England milk-producers—the
farmers, not the cows—propose to organize a
trust for mutual protection against the con-
tractors. Nobody seems to be protecting the
consumers—to any great extent.

If the tall end of a blizzard plays such
pranks as this State and New England are
now experiencing, it is easier to imagine what
the head and bulk of the cavoring frost
dragon must be.

CHAT ABOUT POLITICIANS.

Surrogate Hanson will make some more removal
and appointments on Feb. 1.
Local statesmen who have recently visited Albany
say that the legislators are playing stiff games of
poker.

Fifteen ex-Albans and twenty-two ex-Al-
banymen are employed as clerks in the various
departments.
The friends of ex-Mayor Grace have an idea that
he will yet be the Governor of the State or United
States Senator.

The big scheme of the Cable people to gridiron
Manhattan Island is shortly to be presented to the
Board of Aldermen.
Police Justice Daniel O'Reilly is not ashamed of
having once been employed to pull the bell on a
Third Avenue surface car.

Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan is serving his
sixth term in the Legislature, his years of service
being 1870, 1880, 1885, 1886, 1887 and 1888.
Assistant District Attorney James Fitzgerald was
a clerk in a Broadway clothing store when Maurice
J. Power introduced him into politics.

Ex-Commissioner of Public Works Hollis M.
Squire is writing a book entitled "What I Know
About New York Politics and Politicians."
When Thomas F. Grady was asked if he intended
to enter the Congressional fight again he replied:
"You may say that I am studying the situation
and looking over the field."

There were bonfires throughout the Thirtieth
Ward last evening. The inhabitants were rejoicing
over the appointment of William Geoghegan, the
poet, as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue
under Collector Glegenhor.

Mr. Blaine's house on Dupont circle, in Wash-
ington, which is occupied by the Letiers, of Chi-
cago, rents for \$18,000 a year.
Thus far this has been the coldest January in
Chicago that the people can remember, the mean
temperature for three weeks being 8 degrees above
zero.

Although Prof. Richard A. Proctor, has written
many articles on scientific poker playing he told a
Kansas city reporter the other day that he had
never taken a hand in a game.
George V. Foreman, who is one of the leading
citizens of Olean, N. Y., and has a fortune rated
at \$50,000, was a poor school teacher in New
Jersey when he went to the oil fields in 1883 to
make his fortune.

It is related of a Sallia, (Kan.) man that he
walked half a mile to get his gun to kill a jack
rabbit which he saw in a field, and found after he had
discharged two loads at the animal that it was
already frozen to death.
Besides being the most distinguished bull-fighter
of the age, Mazzantini is a cultivated man of great
generosity and kindness of heart. He speaks
Italian and French perfectly, is a successful actor,
plays well on the piano and writes verses.

A singular accident happened to a horse that
was standing near the plating-mill at Beaver Falls, Pa.
The circular saw struck a knot in a board, causing
the knot to fly like a bullet through the wall and
into the side of the horse, where it imbedded it-
self in the flesh and caused a painful wound.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the country
is at Warren, Idaho, where hundreds of the cele-
stials are at work in the mines abandoned by the
white miners. Every year a number of them go
back to China, with fortunes of from \$2,000 to
\$5,000, to pass their remaining years in comfort.

PICKED UP AT WASHINGTON.

(From Life.)
A new member of the house.
An all-night session.

Laid on the table. The speaker of the house.

Round about the Hotels.
R. W. Lord, of Boston, is stopping at the Hotel
Dan.
Edward L. Brewster, of Chicago, is now at the
St. James.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Tyson, who were married in
Baltimore yesterday, arrived last night at the Albe-
marle.
Charles Fairchild, banker of Boston, and C. P.
Atwine, General Manager of the Louisville Rail-
road, are among to-day's arrivals at the Victoria.

At the Grand are Lieut. John W. Wells, U. S. A.;
Lieut. Frank DeWitt Ramsey, U. S. A.; and Wm.
C. Reed, one of Boston's most promising young
lawyers.
Col. Lee Chamberlain, of Troy, a member of
the U. S. C.'s staff, Dr. B. Warner, of Chicago,
and Melvin Edwards, of Colorado, are registered
at the Gilsey.

At the Gilsey are F. G. Hennessy, of Philadel-
phia, of the U. S. Star line of steamships, and C. W.
Smith, of Chicago, Vice-President of the A. T.
and S. R. R.
C. H. May, of Liverpool; R. C. Livingston, well
known to society in this city, and R. J. Hemmick
and family have added their names to the list of ar-
rivals at the St. James.

At the Union Square Hotel are C. O. Bryant, of
Washington; E. E. Guenard, of Birmingham;
Abraham Irving H. Brewer, of Philadelphia;
and W. H. Farish, a prominent merchant of Rich-
mond.

The list of new guests at the Brunswick includes
W. G. O'Brien, of Montreal, who is connected with
the Richmond and Danville Railroad; M. E. In-
galls, President of the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, In-
diana and Chicago Railroad, and Herman Bay, a
bonanza wine merchant.

The pieces of paper and the soiled untorn
pieces were taken from the boy and brought
to the station-house. Capt. Hadden put
them carefully together, pasting them on a

IN LYDIG'S WOOD.
A Tragedy of Morrisania.

BY
Police Capt. Nicholas Brooks
Of the Town Hall Station, Morrisania.

PART I.
(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD.")



ONE of those warm Sep-
tember afternoons
which have all the
pleasantness of num-
mer without its ex-
cessive heat a Hun-
garian peddler came strag-
gling along the Boule-
vard where it enters
West Farms. He was
a small man, not
more than five feet three, and slight. His
thin, scattered beard was of a yellow-
ish brown, and his eyes were dark. He
was somewhat stooped and walked wearily.
A pack pretty full of cheap things he had for
sale, such as shirts, socks, cheap jewelry and
a miscellaneous collection of knickknacks,
was swung over his shoulder.

The poor old peddler was not a very at-
tractive figure, so thin and weakly, and walk-
ing along in that tired way, his shoes dusty
and his clothes patched and dirty. But he
looked so weak and wretched that he was al-
most an object of pity.

He walked on some road and went into a
country store. After a few moments he came
out with a brown paper bag and a piece of
cheese in his hand.

There was a bench at one side of the store
door and the peddler went over to it, sank
down with a sigh of satisfaction, and taking
his bag, drew out a cracker and began to eat
it, breaking off bits of the cheese to season
his humble meal. He was hungry and tired,
and although the lunch was not a very savory
one, he evidently enjoyed it. He had come
from somewhere down in New York to sell
his cheap goods to the country folk.

While he sat there with one thin leg
crossed over the other and his hand jaws
moving slowly over the dry crackers which
he was chewing a trio came along the same
road which the peddler had traversed. The
new-comers were three negroes, two of them
of the most common, vulgar type, jet black
and coarse, while the third was lighter col-
ored. One of the black ones was a huge,
muscular fellow.

They spied the peddler, and exchanging a
few words together they moved across the
road to where he sat, with his pack thrown on
the bench by his side, discussing the crackers
and cheese.

They seemed to be acquainted with one
another, for the peddler nodded and moved
his pack, putting it under the bench so that
the negroes could sit down. They seated
themselves on the wooden bench and the
peddler offered them some of his crackers
and cheese. He had not much with which to
be hospitable, but the poor fellow gave them
the best he had.

They all helped themselves to the fare, the
big black fellow seeming to have the best ap-
petite. He helped himself two or three
times to the crackers and the four of them
soon emptied the bag.

They sat talking together for some mo-
ments and then they all rose, the peddler
swung his pack over his shoulder and he and
the three negroes started up the road, the
light-colored one and the smaller black one
walking at his right and the big fellow at his
left. They walked along in a leisurely way,
the peddler showing the least vigor of the
three. He dragged his legs along in a tired
way and occasionally gave a hitch to his
pack as if to get it into an easier position.

They disappeared along the lane leading to
Lydig's Wood, which is a large wood about
half a mile above West Farms, which lies near
the Bronx at about two and a half miles from
the police station of that precinct.

This was on Thursday afternoon. An old
negro had charge of Lydig's Wood, and used
to gather brush and old broken branches in it,
and use them for firewood. The next
Saturday he was roving around through the
wood picking up these stray bits of firewood
when he came upon a shocking sight.

About two hundred yards from the road,
in a little cleared space in the wood, lay the
poor peddler, dead, his skull crushed in by a
heavy rock! His pack was half empty and no
money or valuables were found on his person.

On his way back the negro saw a large rock
with blood stains on it. After hurrying the
stone at the peddler, where he had fallen,
probably, for the side of his head was
smashed in, the murderer had cast the stone
away, taking no further trouble to conceal it.

A dispatch was sent out from Headquarters
giving a description of the three negroes and
ordering their arrest for the murder of the
peddler in Lydig's Wood. One of the ne-
groes had a blue eye.

The dead man was taken to the station-
house. On his back, near the neck, was a
bruise as if he had been struck by something
heavy. The poor wretch presented an
awful spectacle. His skull was all crushed
by the rock, and his thin face and bony
hands were contracted with pain.

Inquiry was at once instituted along the
Boulevard and at West Farms and through the
entire neighborhood, to learn if anything had
been seen or heard of the three negroes. Sev-
eral persons had seen the four together at West
Farms, but for two or three days no news
was learned of them after they disappeared
up the lane into Lydig's Wood.

On the third day a boy was found at Hunt's
Point, three miles from the murder, who said
that on Thursday afternoon, pretty late, he
had seen two negroes walking along the
Boulevard, and that they had stopped and
torn up some paper and then gone on. In his
curiosity he had gathered up the pieces after
they got out of sight.

Moreover, near these torn bits of paper,
which averaged about an inch in length,
he had found a scrap of paper with some-
thing written on it. This was not torn.
It was a square piece of unruled paper,
folded, and the corners rubbed round, and
pretty dirty on the outside, as if it had been
carried around in somebody's pocket.

The pieces of paper and the soiled untorn
pieces were taken from the boy and brought
to the station-house. Capt. Hadden put
them carefully together, pasting them on a

piece of clean glass with the written side
down. When the glass was turned around
he managed to decipher the writing.
It was a certificate of membership in some
society, and showed that Abraham Weinsburg
had been admitted to it some three years be-
fore on paying the admission fee of \$15.
Weinsburg was the unfortunate peddler who
had been murdered in Lydig's Wood. He
had been in the habit of carrying the certi-
cate around with him in a greasy old pocket-
book, so that if any accident happened to him
application for relief could be made to the
society in his behalf.

The other paper was a prescription written
in Latin, as physicians' prescriptions usually
are. What it was and for what sickness it
was hard to tell. The paper was a blank
sheet about the size of a quarter sheet of note
paper. It had no head-line to show by what
druggist it had been put up, nor was it
signed by any name. The writing was in a
green ink and in one corner was a date in
black ink. Whether this belonged to the
peddler or to one of the negroes it was hard
to say. But the fact that it was found folded
lying among the torn bits of paper was some-
ground for believing that it belonged to the
big negro and that he had pulled it from his
pocket with the other papers and had not
noticed it fall. Some of the torn fragments
were lying on it, but none under it, for the
boy said he looked to see if there were any.

As the peddler and the three negroes all
belonged clearly to the poorer class there
was a possibility that this prescription had
been issued from one of the hospitals or free
dispensaries. They were all visited, but
none of their officials could recall the pre-
scription, and they did not believe it came
from a public institution.

"The handwriting is German," said the
man at the New York Hospital, "and I fancy
that the prescription was given out by some
apothecary, perhaps a friend."

When asked for what disease the prescrip-
tion had probably been given, I learned that
it was a contagious one to which sailors are
subject.

In the mean time arrests were constantly
being made of negroes who fell under suspi-
cion. The description of them which had
been given to the Police Department and sent
out with the general order to arrest the
murderers to the several precincts was a very
incorrect one. It is more difficult to describe
a common negro so that he can be recognized
than it is a white man, as they have so many
points in which they all agree. Hence, in the
excitement of the case, and with a wrong
description, many were arrested who had to
be released, as there was no evidence against
them.

If this prescription could be traced to the
man who had it from the druggist, it would
be a good clue to the murderer, if the sus-
position was correct that it belonged to him
and not to the peddler.

I resolved to try the drug stores. By one
of those chances which seem so singular in
the face of probabilities, a clue was obtained
much sooner than could have been expected.
Here was a prescription which possibly had
been issued by some druggist in the city of
New York. From the character of the writ-
ing there was reason to think that he was a
German, but this was not certain, and even if
correct, left a pretty wide field for search.
The fact that it was a prescription for a con-
tagious malady frequently found among sail-
ors seemed to show that probably a druggist
near the water-front might have issued it.
But though frequently affecting sailors, the
disease was not entirely restricted to them, in
which case the reasoning did not hold.

This may serve to show how roomy a search
lies before a detective or an officer who
starts off to find out something. What he
cured may also show how, at times, good
luck assists him. I had started to begin this
quest, and the first apothecary store I came to
was on the northeast corner of Mott and
Canal streets.

I went in. A short, thick-set man of a Ger-
man type was behind the counter. I ap-
proached him and taking the prescription
from my pocket handed it to him.
"Do you know anything about that pre-
scription?" I asked.

He adjusted his spectacles, opened the pa-
per, looked through it rapidly and said:
"I put it up myself. I remember it."
"For whom did you put it up?" I inquired.
"For a steward on a sailing vessel. But it
has been filled since," he continued. "You
see that date in black ink on the prescription.
That shows that it was filled again."

This was luck surely, to have found in
the very first druggist that I approached
the one who had issued the prescription.
[Part II. To-Morrow.]

LABELLED "SUBJECT TO EPILEPSY."

T. F. Catlin's Repeated Fits Bring Him at
Last to a Hospital.

A beardless man, about twenty-seven years
of age, whose hair fell in half-curled around
his head, and whose general appearance was
that of a college student, registered on Jan. 9
last at Smith & McNeill's Hotel as T. F. Cat-
lin, Swanton, Vt.

When he got a chance he told Clerk G.
Wadell that he was subject to fits, and in case
he had one while at the hotel under no con-
sideration to send him to a hospital. Mr.
Wadell promised to comply with this re-
quest.

Before a week had passed the young man
had had three fits, which caused him to
write, yell, moan piteously and behave in
such a manner that it was necessary to lock
him in his room. Then he managed to recover
and was allowed his liberty.

A week ago last Monday night he came out
of his room and began prancing through the
corridors with big open knife in his hand.
As he frightened the employees, they called
in a policeman, who took the young man to the
Church street police station.

When he was locked up the police found a
card attached to his coat which was written:
"Subject to epilepsy. No attention re-
quired." The Sergeant had him transferred
to Bellevue Hospital. The man did not im-
prove, and yesterday, Dr. Douglas having re-
ported that he was dangerous, he was sent to
the insane asylum on Ward's Island. His
effects are still at the hotel.

Suffering in Gaudy Paint.

A curious scene was presented in the reception
room at Bellevue Hospital, just before mid-
night, when Charles Maeretta, the clown in-
jured by the falling scenery at the Academy of
Music, was brought in. The poor fellow was suf-
fering from a compound fracture of the right
leg, and his gaudy paint and costume were strikingly in-
congruous with his condition. He was taken
to the Philadelphia ward and came to New York
on "Kitty's" "Mammoth" troupe.

Editor Tucker to Lecture To-Night.

Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, editor of Liberty, will
lecture before the Manhattan Liberal Club on
"State Socialism and Anarchism," at 8 o'clock
evening, in German Masonic Hall, 230 East Fif-
teenth street.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.
GIRLS WHO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS
FOR THREE CENTS A GROSS.

The Manufacturer Says that He Cannot Pay
More Because Foreign Goods Would
Drive Him Out of Business—Supporting a
Family on \$2.50 a Week—A Little Girl's
Uncomplaining Struggle.

It falls to the lot of but few of the people
who are in good circumstances to observe
life as it really exists among the poor of New
York, and especially among the poor who are
able and willing to toil but cannot find em-
ployment.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, in the course
of his rounds in search of facts concerning
the work, wages and manner of living of the
poor working girls and women of this city,
inquired into the condition of the girls en-
gaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers.

There are eighty-eight firms all in this
city engaged in making artificial flowers, and
there are many importers in the trade. Nearly
all the manufacturers are situated in the
neighborhood of Bleeker street and
Broadway, with a few scattered ones in the
Bowery and Houston street.

About fifteen hundred young girls are em-
ployed in these establishments, at an average
wage each of \$2.50 for a week's toil, or fifty-
four hours. Nine hours' labor a day is re-
quired of each worker.

In some of the manufacturers the em-
ployees receive from \$3 to \$5 a week each,
according to the length of time that they have
been employed and the skill that they pos-
sess. In other places the girls are poorly
paid for long and weary hours of toil, and
their health is destroyed before they reach
the period of womanhood.

In one of the lettered avenues on the east
side, where the poor are closely crowded in
narrow rooms, and families of five, six, seven
and even eight persons live in three and four
rooms, the reporter found a poor man and his
family consisting of five wife and six chil-
dren. The children were all very young,
with the exception of a blue-eyed girl, whose
rather petite figure did not indicate that she
was in her fifteenth year—the age given by
her parents.

The mother bore in her arms an infant
only a few months old. The three small
rooms occupied by the family were plainly
and decently furnished, but were neat and
tidy, showing evidences of the handwork of
the good housewife throughout. A fire
burned brightly in a small range—the only
source of heat, and the air was fresh and
snipping air prevailed outside, and the tem-
perature in the simple abode was not up to
the standard usually found in the dwellings
of the poor of good incomes.

The father of this interesting family is a
mechanic of fair skill. He came originally
from Germany. He has been in this country
but a few years, and in that time he has
learned to speak the English language plain-
ly enough to be easily understood. He is frail
in frame and thin in flesh, and he bears on
his rather pale face the lines of care and
anxiety and hard work.

As the reporter entered he saw in the larger
room of the tenement the young girl above
mentioned. She was seated at a table, bend-
ing over her work, and her hands were busy
with a needle and thread, stitching a piece of
tulle. She was a small, neat girl, with
dark hair, and a bundle of tiny white
tubes, such as are used to insert in the centre
of the petals of flowers, lay on the table
near her. She was sewing a piece of
needle-like wires, each about an inch and a
half long.

Taking one of the wires between the thumb
and forefinger of the left hand and three of
the tubes centers in the other hand, the lit-
tle worker deftly rolled a bit of the tissue-
paper around them and gave them the ap-
pearance of a bunch of three lilac leaves
with green stems. This, she said, was "put-
ting them in three."

"We get five cents a gross for the three,"
she remarked, "four cents a gross for two
and one cent for one. This is the way we
putting in the tubing and pasting them."

"How much can you make a week?" asked
the reporter.
"I am paid regular wages—\$3.50 a week.
This is my third year. The first year I got
\$1.50 a week, and the second \$2.75. My boss
has promised me a little more next year—
about \$3.75 I guess it will be."

"We have got to take work home, and I
earn a little more that way at piece rates.
Last night I made 12 cents by making three
gross of lilacs, but worked from 8.30 until 2
o'clock in the morning. I get very tired
sometimes, but you should know that pa is
out of work and has been for three weeks.
He got laid off, and does not know when he
will get work again. I must earn enough to
get bread for us all."

"Here the father bit his lips, and remarked:
"Yes, poor child, she works harder than I
would do, and I won't stand for it. I must
after I get a job. I am too poor just now to
stop her. I allowed her to learn the business
under the impression that she could earn
\$6 or \$7 a week in a year or two, but she
will never reach those figures."

"I have had a hard time to get bread even
this winter, and I am almost wild at seeing
my family actually wear for necessities and
to think that I cannot get work."

The little tot here spoke up and said:
"I get awful tired and sleepy some nights,
but then you should understand that on me
depends our food at present, and I must work
until pa gets a job. It always takes me an
hour to get home from the shop in the even-
ing, and my car-fares amount to 60 cents a
week, which I have to pay out of my small
wages."

"I used to work in a place in Bleeker
street where I could get only 15 cents a day
for ten hours' work. I made 93 cents extra
last week by working six and eight hours
each night."

"The boss says that he can't pay more be-
cause foreign-made flowers can be brought
from New York for less than we can make them."
The pretty tot here continued her work as
she talked, and when she had told her story
went out into the street with the thought
that many of the poor toilers of New York
have hard lines, and if an industry depends
on its prosperity at the cost of the health and
life of those who from force of circum-
stances have to labor in it, it had better get
out of the wall.

The Blind Man's Color.

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.)
"What is the blind man's favorite color?" asked
Mr. Snaggs of his wife.
"I should think a blind man wouldn't have any
favorite color."
"Oh, but he has."
"What is it?"
"Green. You notice the Venetian blinds and
see if I am not right."

How They Pop in France.

(From Judge.)
A young man to the object of his affection:
"I love you and wish to marry you, mademoi-
selle. I have never told you so before, but I
have now spoken to my parents."
"Yes, and they have given me your consent."